



*A Priest from Norway:  
Ven. Fr. Karl M. Schilling*

*Sigrid Undset*



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S.R.C. pro Causis Sanctorum

IMPRIMATUR  
o. Giovanni M. Bernasconi  
Superior General of the Barnabite Fathers  
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## Preface

Sigrid Undset (1882-1949) is one of the greatest Scandinavian writers of the modern time; in 1928, she won the Nobel Prize for literature.

Daughter of an archeologist, and artistically talented, she studied with enthusiasm the history and the ancient customs of Northern Europe. She was the author of autobiographic novels ("Jenny", 1911): she skillfully wrote compositions inspired by the medieval Catholic Norway, as the masterpiece "Kristin Lavransdatter", 1920-22, and "Olav Andunsson", 1925-27, a best seller.

In 1912, Undset married A. Svarstad, a painter, and in 1925, she left him, searching in Catholicism a certainty and a reason for life. She then devoted herself exclusively to the education of her four children and to her art.

After a few trips to Italy, where she had a chance to approach truth and the beauty of her dreams, in 1926 at Montecassino she converted to Catholicism. Since then, her literary production was inspired by a vivid Catholic conception of the world and it included many controversial themes, modern novels, instructive books, and personal thoughts, that made her internationally known.

During the last world war, Undset went through heartbreak events and family sorrows and she had to abandon her country. From the United States, she inspired the Norwegian resistance with articles and speeches, and in 1947, she was awarded the Great Cross of St. Olav "because of eminent literary activity and exceptional services to her country".

On June 10, 1949 Sigrid Undset, exhausted by the sufferings that always accompanied her existence, died of a brain tumor.

On April 29 1967, during an audience given by the Pope to His Majesty Olav V, King of Norway, Paul VI with admiration commemorated "the great novelist Sigrid Undset, whose writings surpassed the frontiers of her country for a worldwide recognition and for an enrichment of the human cultural patrimony".

The following pages on the Venerable Karl Schilling are taken from the eighth chapter of Undset's "Saga of Saints".

I am grateful to the Very Reverend Umberto M. Fasola, Postulator General of the Barnabite Fathers for his assistance in preparing the 1967 edition.

Fr. ANDREA M. ERBA, C.R.S.P.,

Milan, September 1967

## VIII - FATHER KARL SCHILLING (BARNABITE)

LUTHERANISM became the state religion of Norway in 1537, when Christian III by a *coup d'état*, tried to make the country a mere province of Denmark.

The union between Denmark and Norway had begun with the choice of Olav Haakonsson, by the Danish Parliament in 1736 as King of Denmark, in succession to his uncle. He was the son of Norway's King Haakon VI, and his Danish born Queen, Margrete Valdemarsdatter. In this way, the kings of Denmark became kings of Norway by right of inheritance for Olav succeeded as King of Norway also, on his father's death. Olav died young and childless, and after this, the real power in the kingdom passed into the hands of his gifted mother, who tried to unite Denmark, Norway and Sweden under one king-for which office, she chose a son of a niece, Eirik of Pommern.

Norway had, at this time, already entered upon a period of decline, and in a union in which she had not the means of making herself felt, her deterioration in all directions was accentuated. The Norwegian nobility could not take their rightful place in relationship with their equals in other nations. The country itself was not, on the whole, prosperous, and the country gentry were not numerous; and besides this, royal grants in Norway were made systematically to Danes and Swedes. The merchant fleet had shrunk considerably, trade lay mostly in the hands of the Hanseatic League. The fleet was out of date, and nothing was done or could be done to modernize it with ships of a more up-to-date type.

Under these conditions, the movements towards independence, which manifested themselves from time to time in Norway, could not take any form other than an alliance with Sweden, which country had earlier freed herself from the Union. These movements, with an orientation in the direction of Sweden, were in

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most cases led by the clergy, especially by the Archbishop who was the natural leader in the Norwegian parliament, and by the bishops who had seats in it.

The last Norwegian Archbishop - Olav Engelbrektsson - showed, as did several of his predecessors, that he was deeply conscious of the weakness and humiliation of his country, but his attempts to carry out a policy which might give back to Norway a certain measure of independence ended in misfortune. His position as Primate of the Church in Norway complicated his activities. He wished to avoid giving his support to Christian III, who was a zealous and aggressive Lutheran, but the nearest Catholic prince who had any claim on the Norwegian throne was a German Palatine count, married to the daughter of Christian II, and niece of the Emperor Charles V. The count was far away, and made no effort to come to Norway, and support from the Emperor did not materialize. With the help of German mercenaries, Christian III made himself master of Denmark, and then turned his attention to Norway, where the Danish commanders of the fortresses immediately joined him. The Archbishop was driven to flight. He withdrew to the Netherlands in the hope of finding help there, but in the spring of 1558, he died.

The condition of the Norwegian sees was such that they were ill-fitted to be centers of defense. Bergen was vacant. The last bishop, a timid and weak old man, had been frightened and plagued almost to death by the Danish commanding officer at the castle of Bergen, who tended to Lutheranism. The Bishop of Stavanger was deposed. The Bishop of Hamar, who had dared to oppose Denmark and the Reformation - it was one and the same thing at that time was carried off to Denmark, and died there, as a prisoner of state. The Bishop of Oslo was a Dane; he went over to Lutheranism, and was the first Evangelical superintendent in the town. Instead of the Pope, as a spiritual head, a Danish king of German descent was overlord of Norway, both in secular and spiritual matters. The Church had become fettered to the State.

It was not difficult to carry through political and economic reformation. The secularization of the monasteries had been going on for some time-both the former king and a large number of the nobility, particularly the Danish born, were imbued with Lutheranism. They made short work of the remaining monasteries, and the

episcopal estates were put under the Crown. The ordinary possessions of the Church came under the administration of the State. Most of the treasures found in the churches were sent to Denmark, and the metal articles were melted down in Copenhagen-for the king was short of money; among other things, he had to pay the mercenaries who had helped him to obtain his kingdom. The libraries in the monasteries disappeared. Fragments of books have been discovered by the thousand, for the bailiffs and other officials used the old parchment as covers for their accounts.

The spiritual preparation for the Reformation had been, on the whole, negative. The general decline in Norway had affected the Church. In many ways the conditions in the monasteries, and among the clergy, were far from satisfactory. It was, perhaps, natural that hundreds of years afterwards, the darker side only of the life of the Catholic Church in Norway was remembered. But the light was as real as the shadows. An instance of this is shown in the so-called *Hamar Chronicle*, written by an unknown old man, who was an eye-witness of the capture of the last Catholic bishop. He gives a charming account of the episcopal city (after the Reformation the See was placed under Oslo, the Catholic school was disbanded, and the town itself disappeared) buried in gardens, resounding with the clang of bells, and the sound of chanting from all the churches of the town, alive with young people seeking instruction. The *Chronicle* culminates in a heart-rending account of the farewell of the old Bishop, blessing his church, his town and his flock.

One of the members of a Venetian crew who, in 1432, were wrecked off Rost, a barren island, in the outer Lofoten group, has left us an account of a little fishing community in the Arctic Ocean where the inhabitants, according to the account of Querinis, lived in simple piety and innocence. To these people hospitality came so naturally that it did not occur to them for a single moment to take payment for what they offered, even when it meant sheltering strangers for a whole winter. When anyone died, the survivors made a feast, and were full of joy that God had called a soul to Himself. The women went to Mass, clad in long veils, but they went willingly naked to the vapor baths-for unchastity in thought, word or deed, was

entirely unknown to them-asserted the Venetian writer. Their parish priest, a Dominican, was a little less high-minded. He was not averse to taking a present from the strangers and tried to make his angelic children understand that they had not sinned so terribly if they received a small reward for the trouble and expense of supporting their visitors.

It is just by chance that we learn here and there that the Reformation was not introduced into Norway without opposition. It was the same in Denmark. A Lutheran superintendent mentions in one of his writings that a large number of friars ("those rascals") had been murdered during the work of the Reformation - and more than that we do not know. Among the holy martyrs from Gorcum was an old Danish Franciscan, St. Villads, who had left his fatherland and sought a place where he could live according to his vows. In his new home he found death. Faithful to the end-he stood with the rope around his throat, and his executioners pretended to "confess" to him what they had done in the way of looting churches, raping nuns, and murdering priests. "Now, monk what do you say to that?" "I shall pray for you till I die."

From some lawyers' records-conveniently discarded in a loft-we know that in 1573 a woman from one of the districts in the neighborhood of Oslo Ingeborg Kjeldsdotter- was condemned to be flogged because she had deceived the ignorant people. She said that in a vision she had seen the heavens open and that the Blessed Virgin Mary had spoken to her and had given her a message for the people. It appears from the records that the authorities feared that a big peasant rising would take place on the day when judgment on the woman was to be carried out. About 1555, two old farmers were condemned to be burnt at Hamar because they had invited the ignorant public" to hold to the old Faith, and had particularly admonished the people to adhere to the forbidden devotions to Our Lady. Also from other sources, we see that the country people in Norway clung obstinately to the Friday devotions to the Crucified One, to the old fasts, to almsgiving as a religious practice, and devotion to Our Lady on Saturday evenings.

When the Reformation was first carried out, so little was done to instruct the people about the new learning-other than that the King in Copenhagen had

taken the church furnishings for himself, and that the bishops who opposed the King's plans with regard to Norway, were replaced by Evangelical superintendents that Catholic priests very largely continued their work as Lutheran parish priests. King Christian III commanded definitely that the old forms of service were not to be altered " so as not to frighten the poor, simple and ignorant people." It is certain that many of the old priests did not themselves understand what was involved in the various alterations, but continued to celebrate Holy Mass as before. But as these died out, it became more and more difficult to find respectable Lutheran parsons. This was particularly the case in Norway where the peasants did not welcome the new pastors, as they were now beginning to understand something of what was meant by the new religion. The priests who were sent to Norway at first were a sorry band-ignorant and drunken theologians who had been obliged to take the northern missions because no one would have them in Denmark. Added to this the northern parishes were now exceedingly poor-rich the majority had never been-and the priests and the farmers soon began to quarrel over economic questions. For one reason or another the inhabitants of the far-distant parishes killed several of the Lutheran clergymen who were sent to them. At the same time secret expeditions took place to caves where the people had hidden some image of a saint which they had managed to rescue from destruction to holy springs and ruined churches in the woods and deserts.

One of the results of the Reformation was that a considerable number of larger and smaller churches and chapels were left deserted-there were few parsons and but little money for their upkeep. Even the cathedrals and principal churches fell into disrepair for lack of proper care. It is not surprising that the bönder under these conditions tried, in some cases, to recover the goods which they had freely given to the churches to be used for Masses for their dead and for the poor. The zealous and highly gifted writer Peder Claussen explains that the peasantry have always been more generous to "idolatrous" religions, and the same author tells us that in his part of the country, many bönder, even at that date (1606) "prayed to God that the old Faith and teaching about the Pope might return to the country."

It was not, however, only the mass of the people who found it impossible to forget the old Faith. In 1564, a young Norseman, Laurentius Nielson, from Oslo, entered the Jesuit novitiate at Louvain. Laurentius was born the same year that the Reformation and Danish supremacy were together forced upon Norway. For his whole life, he was an exile from his country, but he never forgot the connection between these two events in Norway's history. In the Norwegian edition of his *Doctrina Christiana* he reminds his readers in a preface, that the change of faith came together with the country's degradation. Father Laurentius never worked in Norway itself; Denmark and especially Sweden were the arenas in which he fought against heresy in the North. At one time, it was undoubtedly the purpose of his superiors to give him Blessed John Ogilvie as a fellow-worker in Sweden - the two men seemed to have been made for one another. But indirectly Father Laurentius' work was of importance for Norway. His writings were read, and many young Norwegians of the upper classes were sent to the Jesuit schools in the Baltic Provinces or in Flanders, as these schools gave the best education obtainable at that time. Here they came under his influence; many met him personally when he was banished from Sweden and worked in the colleges of the Order in Braunsberg, Riga and Vilna.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Dano-Norwegian King and his land were terrified by hideous rumors. A whole group of the best-known clergy in the diocese of Oslo were said to be "secret Jesuits." Certainly, they were all married men with families, but apparently, perhaps as the result of the activity of the formidable Father Laurentius, Norwegians had slipped into the habit of calling Catholicism "the religion of the Jesuits." Investigations were instituted against the "Jesuits." The leader of the group was the King's chaplain in Oslo, Magister Christopher Hjort, one of the leading men in the little flock of "Oslo humanists." The others accused were one of his brothers and several of his kinsmen and friends, all of them belonging to the more enlightened Lutheran clergy. They were proved to have Catholic sympathies and to have taught Catholic dogma. Magister Christopher had been in touch with the Jesuits during his student ship abroad. When he was a schoolmaster in Oslo he had introduced the Jesuits' methods of

instruction in the schools, and he had corresponded with a Catholic parish priest in the neighborhood of Danzig, Hr. Erland, a Norwegian by birth, from Trondhjem. The whole group were deprived of their parishes, and were told "to leave the King's realm and the country within three days under pain of death should they be found in the country at the end of that time." Magister Christopher died in Danzig in 1616, one of the group was imprisoned in a Danish state prison, another was later forgiven and re-admitted to a living and another was allowed to remain in Norway and earn his living as a schoolmaster.

Some years later the devil was loose again in Tønsberg. The rector of Sem, Laurids Steen, having drunk rather too much at a wedding in the country, had spoken openly and without reserve about Luther and other leaders of the Reformation. He had also said that the ordinary man could not get much good from Luther's catechism-and in that he was certainly right, for the German-tainted Danish in which the book was written would be extremely difficult for Norwegian farmers to understand. The crucifix, on the other hand, he said, was a sermon which all could appreciate. He admitted, also, that he prayed for the dead and to Our Lady, and to the saints. Investigations brought to light that he had in his possession writings by Bellarmine, and that he had suggested to the daughter of a Danish nobleman that she should live in chastity, with prayer and fasting. It was further revealed that he had once also when he was not quite sober complained of the Lutheran clergymen "who must eat meat and flesh every Friday and be plagued by a silly wife." When his home was searched it was discovered that the poor man owned a library which both in size and quality was quite unsuitable for a person in his position. However, he does not appear to have been deprived of his parish. He died as incumbent of Sem.

In 1637, a Norwegian-born Catholic priest came secretly to Larvik. In his correspondence with the College of Propaganda he called himself Johan Martin Rhugius. He had been sent up in response to the request of a Norwegian nobleman to be received back into the Church. The wording " received back" makes it apparent that he had been a Catholic before.

There were some isolated Catholics in Norway especially in the coastal districts-many of the men were able to receive the Sacraments when they went abroad or on journeys. That priests had secretly visited the country and administered the Sacraments seems very probable, since in a small town like Larvik Rhugius found a congregation of twelve. He also regularly visited Catholics who were spread abroad in the land. He received quite a number of converts into the Church, and among the farmers he found not a few who adhered to the old Faith. Many of these were "so innocent" that they did not even know that a religious revolution had taken place. They certainly realised that much they had treasured in the old days had disappeared, but they believed that these were alterations which the Pope had ordered "all over the world."

Under these conditions, Rhugius may well have hoped that his mission would bear fruit and in 1640 he asked the College of Propaganda for a colleague. Then he disappeared. Unpublished material in the College of Propaganda may possibly be able to give information as to his later fate, but at present it is unknown.

In the meantime, the Jesuit scares had affected the general public in such a way that they began to conceive of the Catholic Church as something terrible and terrifying. After the Peace of Westphalia the conditions in the north of Europe were so much altered that there were few prospects that the Catholic mission to Norway would succeed. From time to time, we hear of Norwegians who embraced Catholicism, but through their conversion they exiled themselves from their fatherland and we know little of their fate.

Then came pietism as a reaction against the sterility of the Lutheran Orthodox Church and its ignorance of the needs of the human soul. As pietism gained ground the State Church for the first time became something more to the people than simply a stage in the work of the Dano-Norwegian kings. Its demand for a living Christianity and a certain asceticism aroused deep feeling in individual souls-since it is contrary to human nature to do anything for God's sake unless actuated by a personal love of Him. A revival took place in Norway which brought

large numbers back to the Christianity which the Reformation had almost eliminated from the life of the people. It is characteristic of Protestantism that, as soon as it becomes the vehicle for the expression of the religious experiences of individuals, various sects immediately spring into being. It is not possible for a State Church, a government department, to be a loving mother in whose bosom children of varying temperaments, each with their separate modes of expressing religious emotion, can find peace. But the tension, which of necessity arose between a living Christianity and a formal religion as typified by the State Church, made the people forget more than ever the possibility of a Church which was a mother to many forms of religious life. They became earnestly Protestant. Individuals acted according to their own, or their friends' religious feelings, and "Popery" became to them a name of terror.

Thus, for example, it was quite natural that when a young Norwegian scientist, J. N. Möller, went to study in Germany and became a Catholic through his marriage, it was impossible for him to return to Norway. He had to spend the rest of his life abroad, his only son became Professor of Theology in the Catholic University of Louvain, where he died in 1862.

**Against this background, stands the figure of Karl Schilling.**

It was with a superior smile that a tall and good looking Norwegian stood watching the procession which went slowly through the streets of Düsseldorf on *Corpus Christi* Day, 1854.

The lights, the canopies, the priests who carried the Host, clothed in gold-embroidered silk garments—it was, of course, very paintable, and young Schilling had come to Düsseldorf to paint. But when the crowd fell on their knees and the men took off their hats, Schilling could not but smile where he stood, so the next straight and tall with his big black artist's hat, planted firmly on his long, fair, waving hair. moment the men round him had risen and his hat received a blow which sent it right across the street. Schilling was embarrassed and a little self-

conscious when he went home to his lodgings. The Eitels with whom he lived were extremely devout Catholics, good people on whose opinion he set great store.

He realized now that as a result of his early religious education he had been more uncivil than he had meant to be when he stood gazing at the procession, and he certainly did not wish to wound the old sausage-maker and his kind wife, and the young people in the house, especially in connection with their religious feelings. Actually there was a great deal in the Catholic religion which he respected; and he was not ungrateful for the sympathy which he had received from the Eitels and from so many pleasant German people in the charming town where he himself was known as the "handsome young Norwegian."

The old people did not say very much when Schilling came home, but one of the young daughters of the house explained to him both courageously and tactfully Whom he had dishonored. Schilling apologized.

He was nineteen years old and a good-natured boy, well brought up, even religiously, and the affair made a strong impression on him. Karl Schilling and one of the sons of the house, who wished to become a priest, were the same age and good friends.

Schilling had, of course, learnt long ago that much that was general belief in Norway regarding Catholic priests was nonsense. But now he began to ask William Eitel about his religion. William would not say a great deal, but he suggested that Karl should go with him to Mass in the mornings so that it might become easier to explain matters.

Karl Schilling's father was a cavalry officer and the children had been brought up to fear and honor God, to go to church on Sundays and to live uprightly, also to be honest and right minded. But God was worshipped, as it were, at a distance. The conception of the actual presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, sent a thrill through the Norwegian boy. How wonderful it would be if this were actually possible, and if so, how could people ever honor and thank God enough for the wonder of such love! He still could not credit such a thing. It was altogether too good to be true. It was as if Karl Schilling felt a trembling anticipation of the burning love of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament,

which was later to fill his life. It was when William Eitel had explained all about the Sacrament of Penance that he definitely declared that he wished to become a Catholic. William restrained him. The thing could not be done so quickly, he must have instruction, but on the second Sunday after the famous procession day, on the Feast of the Precious Blood, Karl Schilling drew his friend with him into one of the churches of the town, and there he vowed solemnly, "I will become a Catholic."

A fortnight later, he went to a priest and begged him for instruction. The priest was cautious, but Schilling swept aside his enquiries as to whether his parents would agree, and whether he could go back to Norway if he became a Catholic. He was convinced that the Catholic Church was the right Church, and he wished to become a Catholic.

He began his instruction and Frau Eitel, die gute Mutter Eitel, did what she could. She went to the convent of the Holy Cross Sisters and committed the well-being of the young Norwegian both here and in eternity, to the Reverend Mother, Sister Emily, whose canonization is now in process of preparation.

Schilling's countrymen in the town, who were also studying art, were thunderstruck until they found a natural explanation of Karl's extraordinary conduct. He was, of course, in love with one of the charming young Eitel girls, and she would not marry him unless he became a Catholic. One of his fellow students, the most talented of them all, Olaf Isachsen, was also very much interested in Catholicism. When his mother heard of this, she wrote to him at once and told him that he must flee from this temptation immediately, and forbade him to go to Catholic churches with Karl Schilling.

Captain Schilling wrote a long letter to his son. He was naturally far from pleased, but he desired nothing but his son's happiness. If it was definitely his conviction he would not hinder him from becoming a Catholic. With regard to the economic side of the question he had given his bankers orders that Karl was to be allowed any money he needed. The way was clear, the last of the inhibitions of his childhood, the fear of the convent, had disappeared when he made the acquaintance of Sister Emily of the Cross. Her untiring work among the sick and the poor, her burning love for souls, her mystical life with her Savior, made a very

deep impression on the young man from Norway. Until his death Karl Schilling could say about Sister Emily, "She has helped me more than anyone else in this world."

Through Sister Emily, Schilling got into touch with a circle of Catholic painters in Düsseldorf. William Schadow, the director of the Academy, was himself a convert. Around him was a little band of friends, Achenbach, Ernst Deger, the brothers Müller, Jansen from Antwerp, and several others. Each morning they went to Holy Mass, they never began their work without prayer and all they did was dedicated to the honor of God. In 1849, they had formed a local branch of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and it was through this work that they became the friends of Sister Emily. Schilling was welcomed into their circle and threw himself into the new life with zeal and happiness.

His reception into the Catholic Church took place on the 11th of November, 1854, and on the same day he received Our Lord for the first time in the Sacrament of the Altar. From the church, the young man went for a long walk in the country. So full of joy was he that he danced and sang aloud as he went along the roads. It was unbelievable that anyone could be so happy.

Now he could begin to live in earnest, he would try to do all that God wished him to do, to give Him his soul, his heart, his work, and all his thoughts, and do all the good he could to his fellowmen. And he longed to receive all that God offered him in His Church; indefatigably he went to Mass and to the Sacraments and took part in all the devotions and religious exercises in which the good folks of Düsseldorf delighted. And the worthy Catholic Rhinelanders were exceedingly edified and touched by the young Norwegian artist, who only six months before had insulted the Most Holy One, and who was now so zealous in prayer. And when the time came for the Catholics of Düsseldorf to go out on their yearly pilgrimage to Our Lady of Kevelaer, the handsome Norwegian, dressed in his national dress, walked out at the head of the St. Vincent de Paul Brotherhood, carrying their banner inscribed with the words, "His yoke is easy, and His burden is light" which was certainly the experience of this twenty-year-old boy.

His countrymen, on the other hand, were sorrow fully concerned, and in Christiania the reports of young Schilling's conversion to Popery and his religious practices caused very great distress. Karl Schilling prayed for his family and his friends, and for the whole of Norway that they might all find the happiness that he had found. The letters he wrote at this time show that he was not quite certain whether his family wished him to return. His father wrote reassuringly; he said that although he found it difficult to understand his son's action, and to him it was a great sorrow, yet it would make no difference in his affection. In the following year, he sent Karl's younger brother to fetch him home. The boy stayed with Karl at the Eitels, and it did not take him long to understand how it was that his brother had become a Catholic. In the summer of 1855, they journeyed home together. Captain Schilling was as good as his word and received the prodigal son with unaltered affection.

At that time in Christiania, the first Catholic church since the Reformation was being built. The Catholics had received permission to carry out their religious duties in public, and a priest from Strasbourg, M. Lichtle, had been given charge of the little band in the town. Queen Josephine, the wife of King Oscar I, also helped them with her sympathy and generosity.

In 1856, the Church of St. Olav in Christiania was dedicated. Karl Schilling had returned to his old master Eckersberg and painted with him regularly, and it every morning on his way to the studio he went to In Mass.

One day, as he came out of church, he met one of his artist friends, young Krogh-Tonning. They walked along together and began to talk about Catholicism. Later on Krogh-Tonning gave up his painting and became a pastor and a doctor of theology, one of the most learned theologians of the northern State Church and much loved in his parish. In 1900, he became a Catholic and his conversion caused in Norway a consternation similar to that of Newman's conversion in England.

During the following years Schilling used to go to Düsseldorf for the winter, but he spent his summer holidays in Norway. He painted a great deal, but most of his pictures have been lost for he signed very few of them. There are one or two in Norwegian museums; they show solidity, taste, and feeling, but scarcely any strong

original talent. Possibly it had already dawned on Karl Schilling that God did not intend him to be a painter. During his later visits to Düsseldorf, he had become attached to the youngest of the Eitel girls in a very intimate friendship. They no doubt spoke of marriage, but both of them seem to have felt uncertain about it. They were both deeply religious, both zealously interested in charitable works and both of them visited the sick and the poor. She cared for them in their homes and money for this purpose, but the bond between them was not the love which desires to find its fulfilment in a home and home life. One summer when Karl was in Norway, the young girl went to their joint confessor—the same priest who had received Karl into the Church—and confided in him that she felt Karl was destined for something other than to be her husband. The priest said he thought she was right, and the young couple agreed to drop the matter.

But from that time Schilling seems more and more to have given up his painting. Prayer, meditation, and a loving service to all mankind filled his life unceasingly. His Norwegian family were filled with terror when they realized that he had begun to practice asceticism. His old nurse shed bitter tears when she found that Karl no longer cared whether he lived comfortably.

In Norway much happened in those years but Catholic point of view, although other people did not pay much attention to these events. Christiania was visited by a Norwegian-born Catholic priest, Father Holfeldt-Houen. He stayed in the city for a time before going to his home in Bergen, where he founded a small parish. Pope Pius IX had instituted the so-called North Pole Mission, a somewhat fantastic undertaking with headquarters at Alten, Finmarken, embracing not only Norway but districts all round in the polar region. A chapel was built in Tromsö as well as a church in Altagaard. However, it soon became evident that these arrangements were impracticable, and in 1869 Norway was made an Apostolic Prefecture.

Father Holfeldt-Houen was, however, not the only Norwegian who was a Catholic priest. Another native of Bergen of good family, Paul Stub, was when young sent to Genoa in order to finish his commercial training. From the devout Italian family with whom he lodged he received an overwhelming impression of

Catholicism. It differed altogether from all that he had heard of it in his own home. He was converted and later he entered the Order of the Barnabites. This meant exile for Paul Stub and he had already worked for a number of years in the north of Italy, where he was known as a devout priest and a good preacher. Then that for which he had always hoped, but which he had thought was scarcely possible in his lifetime, came to pass-Catholic priests were again allowed to work in Norway. So Father Stub came home and after a time St. Olav's Church was given to the Barnabites. As Superior with two Italian priests to help him, Father Stub took over the work amongst the Catholics in the whole of the south of Norway.

Having given up the idea of marriage, Schilling lived for the most part in Norway. His brother had become a forester in Finmarken, and it was no doubt according to his father's wish that he went up and stayed with him for several months. From childhood he had been accustomed to a country life, and he was an excellent rider and sportsman. He therefore went with his brother on all his long journeys, going from one forest farm to another and visiting the Lapps far up in the North.

He hunted reindeer and bears and painted several big pictures. He was often obliged to ski for two or three days to get to Mass in the small chapels in Alten and Tromsö where the priests long remembered him with affection. In him at least, they had one eager soul in their parish wildernesses.

In 1864, Schilling was again in Christiania. At this time he founded together with Father Stub the Christiania (later Oslo) branch of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul whose first president he was, remaining so until he left Norway for good.

One day he had invited Father Tondini, one of the Barnabites, up to his studio. He wished to show him a picture which he was painting for the yearly official art exhibition. The Italian criticized it rather sharply. He thought that the figures were lifeless and wooden. "This is not your vocation," said Father Tondini finally. Karl Schilling answered nothing.

But at last one day he had the opportunity to talk things out with Father Stub. The latter had asked him whether he did not intend to get married. Schilling

answered "No" so violently that the priest surprised said, "Are you then thinking of becoming a religious?" "Yes, yes, a religious and nothing else."

It was not easy for the son to speak of this to his father. His son's Catholicism had been a sorrow to Captain Schilling but he had taken the matter with sweetness and simplicity. It would be another and a greater sorrow when he heard that his son was considering a religious life. It was with the greatest difficulty that Karl Schilling broke the news to his family.

His father had always been so generous, he had always given him the opportunity of following his bent and of becoming a painter when he thought that it was in that direction that his talents lay. However, he told his family that he believed firmly that God had given him a vocation and emphasized that he had not been influenced by the priests. And it ended in that his father gave his consent once again. His son must follow his conscience even if it took him far away from home and family.

Now that Schilling believed that he was called to be a priest, it was only natural that Father Stub should wish him to go to the Barnabites. This order had entered Norway and by joining them Schilling might later on have an opportunity of working in his own land. He recommended his penitent in the warmest way to his Provincial in France, and while they were waiting for the decision he began to instruct Schilling in Latin and French. Father Stub's Superior was very willing to receive the postulant and in June, 1868, Karl Schilling went on board the boat which was to carry him the first part of the way to his novitiate. He had brought his painting tackle with him, and when the steamer was right out in the Christiania fjord, he threw it all overboard.

His way lay via Düsseldorf. His first visit in that city was to St. Lambert's Church where, fourteen years ago, he had been received into the Church. From there he went to the convent church of the Sisters of the Cross. While he knelt before the Tabernacle, one of Eitel's sons came in and saw him. Together they went to the house which for so many years had been a second home to Karl. William, his friend, was now a parish priest in a little village nearby, and Karl Schilling went

out to see him. With that visit he had said good-bye to all that he held most dear in his old life.

He arrived at the Barnabite monastery in Paris on July 2nd, and a few weeks later had begun his novitiate at Aubigny-sur-Nère.

It was only human that the good Fathers should be rather elated at receiving this postulant from a foreign land about which so many of them had only the vaguest knowledge. The tall, good-looking foreigner, who had renounced the Lutheran heresy and who had given up a brilliant career as an artist (for it was naturally believed that Schilling had been on the way to world-wide fame as a painter) was considered a romantic figure. This attitude is clearly shown in the letters written at that time by his Superiors, and he himself was a very attractive personality. The purity and sweetness of soul, and the simple-minded gravity with which he gave himself to obedience and work, his glowing devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, all this impressed those around him. "An angel, a very angel," is the expression which we find again and again in letters from the French priests when they spoke of the Norwegian novice. Dom Charles-Marie Joseph (his new name) was himself radiantly happy. He wrote to his father as often as he was permitted and he always tried to express to those at home how happy he was, and how wonderful was this life of prayer, obedience and work. If only they could understand that now, for the first time, he was able to return to them something of the love they had shown him. For every day he could speak of them to His Saviour before the Tabernacle. Karen, his old nurse, must be sure that he remembered her every single day. He asked his father to go and see Father Stub and sometimes to visit the Catholic church. He let the captain see, as tactfully and carefully as he could, his longing that his father might become a Catholic so that they might meet in a nearer and tenderer manner than was possible through merely human intercourse.

The novitiate, however, was not without difficulties for Dom Charles. The services, his prayers and meditations, were all sources of great happiness to him but the amount of bodily work required was not enough for the former hunter and sportsman. The sedentary life and the circumscribed surroundings in which he was

now obliged to move were injurious to his health. He suffered from insomnia, fever and headaches. He was thirty-four years old and it was difficult for him to learn the language, in fact he never mastered French well enough to be able to preach in that tongue. Book learning did not come easily to him. His training as a painter and a hunter, his life in the open air, had trained his eye, but now he had to adapt himself to an entirely different way of living and to learn from books and lectures. He put all his energies into the work, with the result that he became seriously ill. His Superior, Father Piantoni, was exceedingly worried. He had written to Father Stub, "Schilling is a very saintly novice and will certainly become a priest." But now it seemed as if he would be obliged to give up altogether. He was confined to his bed for long periods at a time, was unable to work and even recreation became a burden to him as he was then obliged to speak French.

He wrote to Father Stub and explained the situation, and added: "In spite of everything, I have a feeling that one day I shall be allowed to say Mass." He wrote this at a time when it seemed hopeless for him to continue in the novitiate, but never had he himself felt the call to the consecrated life more strongly. There were other reasons why he shrank from returning home - he was afraid that his friends in Christiania would take this as a corroboration of their judgment on the monastic life.

He made novenas to St. Teresa and to St. Alphonsus de Liguori, and at last his Superior found a new doctor who did him much good. Little by little, he recovered his health. They told him, however, that he could never seriously hope to become a priest, but they were quite willing to keep him in the Order as an oblate. Schilling made no objection - "God's will be done" - and on November 19th, 1869, Dom Charles took the vows to live in poverty, chastity, and obedience "for three years - and for ever" he added in his heart.

In the meantime, he took each day as it came, and fulfilled his duties scrupulously as sacristan and manual worker and teacher of German to the novices. During the Franco-Prussian War he was able, more than once, to help the people in the little village of Aubigny. He could speak in German with the invading troops and he induced them on several occasions to forgo their unreasonable demands.

His health was good on the whole, but as time went by he could not but suffer from the thought that the three years were almost up. What would happen to him then? Would they allow him to be ordained? His Superior took the matter in hand and on December 18th, 1872, Schilling took his final vows. He was naturally overjoyed and seemed to have no further wish on earth. But a couple of months later came a letter from the Superior-General of the Order saying that Schilling was to take up his studies again, so that later on he might be ordained.

The French language was still a great difficulty to him, but he had now learnt to leave everything in God's hands and therefore he did not worry in the same way as to whether he would be able to carry on his studies. He had separated himself from everything he owned in this world, and he belonged to the consecrated life. This was a very great happiness to him, and finally without very great difficulty, he passed the different tests and received minor orders.

Father Stub wrote regularly. He was in Bergen now at St. Paul's Church; he rejoiced in the thought that he would soon receive a Norwegian priest to help him. He expected that great things would be done especially in the schools among the children.

On December 20th, 1873, he was to be ordained sub-deacon at Bourges. On the morning of the 19th, he rose at four o'clock, received Communion in the chapel and set off. He had to walk a few kilometers over desolate country and through a little wood before he met the mail-coach. The district was asleep, sunk in snow and darkness, and bitterly cold. Dom Charles, full of joy and thankfulness at the thought of the life which, God willing, lay before him, walked swiftly along. Suddenly he became aware of a dark shape following him, half behind and half beside him, hiding itself among the trees. Instincts almost forgotten rose up in Schilling's mind, and he turned quickly, advancing with bent knees towards the wolf. The creature turned and fled. When he finally reached the stopping place there was no sign of the diligence. He waited patiently, whispering to himself as a prayer, *Volo, volo ordinari*. At last, he was certain that the diligence had been held up on account of the weather. Eventually he walked back to the nearest coaching

station where he found the coach and managed to persuade the driver to take him to his destination; at length, many hours late, he arrived at Bourges in the evening.

He wrote to the Eitels, to Father Stub and to his home. He longed and rejoiced in the thought that one day he would be allowed to turn his steps home ward as an ordained priest in the Order of the Barnabites, so as to work with Father Stub in his own land.

On December 18th, 1875, he was ordained a priest in Bourges. The day after he said his first Holy Mass at home in the monastery.

"He is a model priest," wrote his Superior. They made him sacristan and novice-master and allowed him to look after the sick, and undertake the religious instruction of the lay brothers. Father Schilling seemed to be overjoyed at every new task which was given to him. He would strive for perfection. At home he had been taught that it was presumptuous to dream of reaching perfection. But Our Lord had said, "Be ye perfect." It must therefore be a possible goal to be attained with His help. Then there were indulgences, about which at home in Norway they had such a wrong conception. Father Schilling collected indulgences-prayed all the prayers and carried out all the devotions to which indulgences were attached. But he explained to one of his fellow-monks with his charming and serious smile, that what indulgences he gained he gave to the Mother of God, so that she might distribute them where they were most needed.

Of his own earlier life, he never spoke, but during recreation his novices sometimes induced him to tell them about Norway, and he described to them the wildness and the space of Finmarken, the northern light over the snow fields, and the extraordinary customs of the Lapps. Or he told them about the fjords, and the wooded districts in the south of the country, the bear and seal hunting. Sometimes he expressed himself rather comically, but it was always obvious to his hearers that he had looked at all these things with the eye of an artist.

One night in March, 1876, a fire broke out in the monastery church. The flames had reached the choir and one of the fathers rushed up to the altar and rescued the Blessed Sacrament. It looked hopeless to save the altar furnishings or to reach the sacristy, where the vestments were kept, but Father Schilling, after he

had begged a blessing from his Superior, rushed into the choir, going in and out between the burning rafters which fell around him, and carried out load after load in his long arms, until all the objects of value belonging to the church had been brought to safety.

A few years passed and Father Schilling had heard nothing of being sent back to Norway, and he himself never asked for this. "It looks as though they are going to keep me here, and I shall stay here if God wishes it so. It is He who decides the matter, through the mouth of the Father-General. I am quite happy here; I study and I work. I am useful and make progress in the life of the Order," he wrote to Father Stub.

Then came the law of March 29th, 1880, when all religious orders and congregations who had not received special authority were banished from France. In the autumn of the same year the Barnabites were obliged to leave Aubigny. On September 5th, in the morning, the fathers said Mass for the last time in their little church. It was full of weeping and embittered people from Aubigny and the districts around. In the evening came the police who shut the church and escorted the fathers through the crowds of people who shouted, "Long live the fathers, long live religion, long live freedom."

The next day the little community was scattered to the winds. Father Schilling and a novice from the Tyrol went to Turin.

Still he heard no word about Norway. The Barnabites had a novitiate in Monza and he was sent there, and as soon as he had learnt the very scantiest Italian he was made a vice-master of novices. And so the time went by, year in, year out, and we hear of him from his brothers in the Order who always say the same thing until it becomes almost monotonous: "Father Schilling is a pattern in all that he does, in love of Our Lord, in childlike devotion to the Mother of God, in trust in saints, in tenderness for souls, both the living and dead. He is a very saintly priest. He never tires, he is modest and humble, his obedience is most edifying."

His raw, awkward Italian gave to the tall, stately priest, who was now becoming grey-headed, a stamp of almost childlike innocence.

In the house at Monza it was not possible for all the priests to celebrate Mass daily. If it happened that the priest who was appointed to say Mass was hindered, Father Schilling, who otherwise never expressed a wish for himself, always begged, "Oh, Father, allow me, I should so like to say Mass."

Little by little the foreign priest, who never preached because he spoke such bad Italian, became a well-known figure in the neighborhood. When he met another priest he always knelt down and asked his blessing. But one day when a monk from one of the outlying monasteries came to give a Lenten address to the brothers, he met Schilling in one of the corridors of the monastery. The two priests knelt to each other simultaneously so that it was the most natural thing in the world for each to give the other his blessing.

His father died in 1886, a good Protestant, as he had lived. Father Schilling had now given up all hope of returning to Norway. The Barnabites' mission in Norway was at this time experiencing great difficulties, but Father Schilling continued to hope that eventually these might be overcome. He tried to interest his novices in the country, and began to instruct one or two of them in the Norwegian language. He had composed a prayer for the return of Norway to the Catholic Faith, and received the permission of Pope Leo XIII to have it printed, together with 300 days indulgence for those who said it. It is to be found to this day in the Scandinavian prayer books:

*"Good Jesus, I humbly fall at Thy feet and pray Thee by Thy Holy Wounds and by Thy Precious Blood which Thou hast shed for the whole world, to look in mercy on the Scandinavian peoples. Led astray hundreds of years ago, they are now separated from Thy Church and denied the inestimable benefit of the Sacrament of Thy Body and Blood, and also, the many other means of grace which Thou hast instituted for the consolation of the faithful in life and in death.*

*"Remember, O Savior of the World, that for these souls also Thou didst shed Thy Precious Blood and endure untold sufferings.*

*"Good Shepherd, lead these Thy sheep back to the wholesome pastures of Thy Church, so that they may be one flock together with us under Thy Vicar here on earth-the Bishop of Rome, who in the person of the Holy Apostle Peter was commissioned by Thee to care both for the lambs and for the sheep.*

*"Hear, O merciful Jesus, these our petitions, which we make to Thee with full trust in the love of Thy Sacred Heart towards us, and to Thy Holy Name be glory, honor, and praise to all eternity."*

Seven years went by, then Father Schilling received orders to break camp again, and to go to Belgium to Mouscron.

Ever since the novitiate at Aubigny had been closed the Barnabites of the French province had been seeking a new home. They found Mouscron quite close to the French border-an ancient village on the fruitful Flemish plain which had grown to be a manufacturing town. It was full of poverty and from the religious point of view the inhabitants were neglected. A couple of old parish churches and one or two convents and whatever else was found for religious instruction, were quite insufficient now that the village had become a kind of industrial center.

The Barnabites were able to buy a property and to put it into repair, and they collected together as many of those fathers as possible, who had been turned out of Bourges. Father Schilling came to Mouscron in 1887.

He found new and difficult tasks awaiting him there. The village, for many centuries, had had a nucleus of old and faithful Catholic families. The farmers in the neighborhood were on the whole very devout, but they were superstitious and badly instructed in the Faith. The rest of the floating population had in the majority of cases sprung from Catholic homes. Many were opposed to religion, but many of them had preserved from their childhood Catholic customs and teaching, often oddly perverted.

Father Schilling met everything with a boundless generosity. He came from the pure and happy surroundings of the novitiate in Monza. For him, all these people, however gravely they had sinned, were poor sinners, who "knew not what

they had done." He could never think that anyone sinned from ill-will. He was certain that all wished to do right, and he explained their misdemeanors by ignorance or human frailty.

As he believed, so it came to pass. The Norwegian father who spoke such very bad French, found his confessional crowded from early morning-as soon as he had said his Mass-with people who wished for his advice and help. All day long the bell of his confessional was ringing, there was always someone who sought him. It might happen that a single penitent would keep him for a whole hour. Others came several times a day before they were able to see him, to tell him their needs and their difficulties and to obtain his counsel. Father Schilling's patience was quite inexhaustible; over each sinner who was comforted, over each labourer who came at the eleventh hour, over each lost sheep who was found again, heaven rejoiced more than over the ninety-and nine who had never gone astray.

Innumerable penitents have witnessed that when le bon père spoke about our Saviour, it was impossible to remain cold and indifferent, for every word he said showed such a marvellous love of God, such a tenderness towards all mankind. The simplest things he said, the most ordinary counsel which he gave became as new" Many have already told me this, but when Father Schilling spoke of it I understood what it meant." Through contact with him many souls received their first insight into the real wonders of holiness-they saw it made living in him.

He was made confessor to several convents, a couple of hospitals, and boarding schools. Many of the priests from the town and from the neighborhood, as well as many from the other side of the French border, wished to confess to him. He was known among the people as the "holy man of Mouscron "" the tall saint." People sought him out to talk to him; they stopped him in the street. Many came to him on the most extraordinary errands, they wanted him to foretell the future, to remove the curse which "fairies and wicked people had put upon them," to bring them luck in business transactions, cure illnesses by the laying-on of hands, restore peace in unhappy homes. Father Schilling looked upon it all quite simply, saying that the poor folk had not been properly instructed as to the power appertaining to a priest-they had conceptions which were certainly superstitious. He helped

everyone as best he could they must prepare themselves really well to receive Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and toll Him all about their sorrows and difficulties. He himself would pray for them and remember them in his Mass.

He aged very quickly now. The life in Belgium, the mortifications which he practised, his work which increased from day to day, as he was sent for more and more often by day and by night, weakened his power of resistance. His feet were painful, for he had always taken the boots which were given out to him without a word as to whether they fitted him or not. When he was ill, he said not a word to his superiors. Mothers sent for him when their small children were dying, and he watched and prayed beside the little ones until the peril was over, or the child had died. He was often sent for when a slack Catholic was at death's door and refused to see a priest. Then a mother or wife in her anxiety would send for the "Norwegian father." Kneeling in a corner of the room he prayed unceasingly, losing himself in prayer, while the sick man's cries and curses fell upon his head. In the end the priest often "Well, anyhow, you might come over here and talk to me," and Father Schilling would get up and sit beside the sick man and begin to tell him about le bon Dieu. There were not many who could resist Father Schilling, when once he had been allowed to mention the name of God.

He reaped his great reward whenever he was allowed to carry the Sacrament to any of the sick. Sometimes his Superior wished to send another priest, Father Schilling must rest sometimes, but he always begged, "Let me go, Father, it is to me such wondrous grace when I am allowed to carry my Lord."

Any free time that he was able to snatch, he spent in the choir. He not only prayed and meditated there, but he studied and wrote letters. He used to say that everything was better done before the Tabernacle. He even made himself a kind of little office with books and everything he might need in his choir stall. In the end his Superior had to ask him to carry all his things back to his cell, for it would scarcely do if all the fathers followed his example and fitted themselves up in the choir in this way. Father Schilling listened without saying a word. He arranged, however, to spend every free moment he had on his knees before the altar, and he was particularly happy when he could be quite alone in the church.

However cold it was he would not have a fire in his cell. He accustomed himself to sleep on bare boards which he hid under his sheet and carried out as well all the mortifications which were not actually forbidden him by his Superior. It was all he could do now for his fatherland-bring all that he had to offer to God, praying Him graciously to receive his offering.

He had given up every thought of seeing Norway again. An ordinary tawdry picture postcard from his home would bring tears to his eyes, but when his Superior told him that he might go home on a visit, he only shook his head.

Father Stub had died in Bergen in 1892, and was buried in St. Paul's Church. The Barnabites had now given up their last house, and for some years only secular priests had worked in Norway, which had become an apostolic vicariate under a titular bishop, Mgr. Fallitze from Luxembourg.

In 1895, he received a visit from a fellow country man, a school-director Sörensen, a friend of Dr. Krogh-Tonning. Both of these men were feeling their way towards the Church, but they were still uncertain. The first meeting between Sörensen and Father Schilling was far from happy. The intercourse with the Norwegian pedagogue disturbed Father Schilling's usually mild and gentle demeanor. He wanted Sörensen to become a Catholic immediately, and only managed to rouse the school-director's latent ill-feeling about fanatical monks. "When I meet a Lutheran clergyman from Norway," burst out Father Schilling, "I feel stirred in my inmost heart, for I think-you misled me when I was young, you have misled all my family, you have misled the whole Norwegian nation." He willingly acknowledged that the Protestant clergy did not mislead their people knowingly or wilfully, but the school-director was nevertheless very much upset by the father's way of speaking of their fatherland and its state religion. However, they corresponded from time to time, and when Sörensen finally became a Catholic in 1900, Father Schilling was one of the first to whom he wrote saying that he had decided to take the final step.

Sometimes during recreation, the other fathers would induce the old man to speak

to them about Norway. Then he would forget himself in describing the beauty of the summer nights and the thrills of hunting. Oh, Father, that must be different from Belgium, we have only these flat plains which we have saved from the sea, and the smoke of the factories." The old Father Schilling shook his white head, "No, no, it is good here, and it is also quite charming. God has made this land also and the climate-do not let us grumble about the climate-it is as God wishes it to be." In the winter of 1902 to 1903, Mouscron was very badly ravaged by an epidemic of small-pox. The scourge claimed many victims, especially among the children. Father Schilling worked untiringly day and night, obtaining help for the poverty-stricken homes, watching over the sick and comforting those who were frightened or bereft; and in a great many cases people said that Father Schilling's prayers had dragged children back from death's door. Already, it had been whispered that God answered his prayers in a miraculous way. Mental cases had been cured when he put his hands on them, and it was quite useless for anyone to keep back sins from him in the confessional. Many a time he knew all there was to be known about a soul before a word had been spoken; he looked right into the mind of his penitent. One glance from his eyes was enough to affect a hardened sinner. Those who came to him in distress and temptation received from him wondrous help. And if he should at any time condemn, not the sinner, but the sinful action, his words and his holy grief would shake the penitent through and through. One day a working woman wished to speak to him. Sobbing she told him that her little boy, her only child, had died. Father Schilling stood still as if sunk in thought, then he said, "Do not grieve, the child is not dead, but is sleeping. Come, we will pray together." They prayed, and then he said again, "Go home, your child is not dead." The mother went home and found the child sleeping, alive and well. This story is not included in the dossier which will be forwarded for Father Schilling's beatification, for the child's death was not certified by a doctor, but the story is known in Mouscron. Father Schilling himself did not care to speak of the occurrence, he always repeated, "The boy was not dead, God Himself told me so."

During the summer of 1906, it became clear to those around him that the end was not far off. One day on his way home from the death-bed of one of his

penitents, he rang the bell of the house of one of his friends. They were obliged to support him into the living-room where he sank down on to the first chair-a rocking-chair-and gratefully took and emptied the glass of wine which they gave to him. No one had ever seen him do such a thing-sit in a rocking-chair and drink wine with his acquaintances!

Troubled, his friends followed him home and saw him drag himself towards the

monastery seeking support from the walls of the house as he went along. Three days later, when he came out of his confessional, he collapsed and had to be helped to bed. He took his illness as a gift from God; now he would have time to prepare himself before his Lord and Master called him to Himself. Then his powers returned to him little by little, in spite of the harshness with which he had treated his body. He never got up again, but from his sick bed he was able to carry on a great deal of his work. He received visits from priests whose spiritual director he had been for many years, and he wrote letters to his penitents and old friends.

He lived over Christmas, but on January 3rd, 1907, in the afternoon, it was apparent that his end was near. Some of his pupils from the seminary in the town were allowed to visit him. He gave them his blessing and said with his sweet smile, "You must become saints, great saints." He had received the Last Sacraments, and shortly after the young boys had gone, he sank rapidly. He held his rosary in his hand, and kissing the crucifix said, "My Jesus, make me love Thee more and more." Those were the last words he ever spoke. After this he breathed his last quite peacefully, and without a struggle. Two days later, he was buried in the monastery church, and the sick and the sorrowful, the distressed, and the poor, who could no longer seek him in the old way, came to his grave with their anxieties and troubles, sure that his love for them and his desire to help were still as great as ever.

Afterwards, there were many who said that they had received supernatural blessings from the dead priests' intercession.

In 1924, the Barnabites in Mouscron wrote to Bishop Waffelaert and asked that the process for Father Schilling's beatification might be opened. The body was then canonically exhumed and the coffin opened. The dead priest's face was

unaltered, but his hands were flecked with black and his soutane discolored and falling to pieces. Deeply moved, those Barnabites who knew him looked at their old companion. An account of the condition of the corpse was placed in the coffin, and it was nailed down again.

Since that time, a stream of witnesses of super natural answers to prayer which have been ascribed to the intercession of Father Schilling have been added to the dossier which is to be presented in Rome; and his Life by Father Sylvestre Declercq of the Congregation of the Barnabites, has been published in French. His grave is constantly visited by pilgrims from Belgium and Northern France, for Norwegian Catholics turn to Father Schilling in their prayers, begging him to hasten the "second spring" in Norway, so earnestly desired and hoped for. 

Prayer for the canonization  
of Venerable Karl M. Schilling,  
Barnabite

O merciful and eternal God,  
who on calling to the True Faith  
Your Venerable Karl M. Schilling,  
have made him a mode  
of Christian virtues  
and an apostle of good,  
we supplicate You to deign  
to glorify him on earth by granting  
us the grace....  
which we ardently implore,  
through the merits of our Lord  
Jesus Christ. Amen.

